Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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GRANDMA'S DESK.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

GRANDMA'S desk with all its secrets,
Lying free before the eyes
Of the petted grandchild, laughing
Over each old-time surprise—
Odd old desk of antique fashion,
Relic of the "long ago,"
Marked by Time, whose hand has whitened
Grandma's head with winter's snow.

Here are grandpa's letters, tender,
Loving, full of hopes and fears;
Grandma's answers, true and tender,
Sometimes blotted with her tears—
Letters tied with faded ribbons
Laid so carefully away;
Dust-dimmed miniatures of dear ones,
Painted in life's happy day;
Old receipts and memoranda,
Treasures children once held dear;
Locks of hair, some brown, some golden,
Trinkets—"so old-style and queer."

Face to face are spring and winter,
"Auld Lang Syne" and happy "now:"
Grandma's desk with long years laden,
Grandma's "namesake," whose young brow
Bears no trace of care or sorrow
'Neath the sunny curls of gold,
And whose eyes are blue as grandma's
Used to be in days of old.

Little maiden, I can wish you
Nothing better for the years
That must bring you in their coming
Each a share of joys and fears,
Than that Grandma's prayers so tender
For her namesake, may each one
Turn to Heaven's best benedictions
When shall shine life's setting sun.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

I.

AFTER all it was the white that began it, though perhaps you would not have guessed it from the color of the hands. Even in the uncertain light of the lamp in front of the mission chapel, you could have seen that the hands were far from being white. Sturdy little hands they were, however, as they grasped the huge pair of scissors several sizes larger than the hands themselves. Not far away was another pair of hands, also of doubtful color, also grasping a pair of scissors—a little pair of scissors this time, with a broken point.

Click! went the little pair of scissors, and "Bob!" said the little voice—"I say, Bob!"

Snap! went the big scissors in reply.

"Bob!" went on the little scissors, "Ye goin' in t' night?"

"Got any sense, Ben?" snapped the big scissors, "What 'd I have these for 'f I wasn't?"

Click! went the little scissors very meekly, and down went the little scissors very humbly into the depths of a grimy little pocket, quite overcome by the superior wisdom of the big scissors.

"Hoop! Hi! There they come!" shouts somebody, careering wildly around the lamp-post, and then, with a rush and a tumble, the crowd of boys and girls press in after the teachers through the small gate; bang through the yellow door; and finally emerge, a general confusion of shawls, coats, and scissors, into the cheerful little chapel beyond.

You never would imagine it to be a club, would you? Truly it does not approach the Bostonian idea of such an organization. But it is a club, nevertheless, and over on the chapel wall opposite the door hang its four mottoes in letters of gold:

"Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back;
And lend a hand!"

Bob reads the words as he slips into a seat in the corner, followed by the faithful little shadow of a Ben.

"The 'Lend-a-Hand Club' will please come to order," calls the superintendent, tapping his bell.

The "Lend-a-Hand Club" subsides into what semblance of order it can muster during a hymn and a short prayer, and then at another signal from the superintendent it falls lustily to work.

On one side of the room the girls betake themselves to needles and thimbles, and are soon busy over their sewing.

How cheerfully the little candles burn away on the small tables about which the members sit, and how nimbly do the willing fingers fly back and forth over the little gingham aprons!

On the other side of the room the boys reign, and here, instead of needles and thimbles, are brushes and paste and scissors. Every boy is busy. Most of them are at work cutting out the big letters and short words from placards and newspapers; in one corner there are a few who are sorting these into boxes provided for the purpose; while around two or three tables some of the older boys are seated, engaged in pasting the letters and words on square pieces of pasteboard which finally result in really attractive "spelling-cards."

"Lemme paste," exclaims Bob at last, overcome by the sight of the brush that another boy is using.

As there is just one more brush left, the teacher gives him that, and a corner of the table for his work.

"I'm goin' to make an alphabet," Bob announces. "Here you, Ben, shove us some of them there letters." And the boys are soon at work over their card.

What if the letters did get on crooked, with the N turned the wrong way? They were such big red letters, all but the R, which had to be blue, that when the card was bound with a strip of bright red paper the effect, at least in the eyes of Ben and Bob, was satisfactory in the extreme.

It was after the "Lend-a-Hand Club" had had several meetings—in fact, it was almost Christmas-time—that there was a "box-packing," one bright night, down at the mission chapel.

Then the eyes of Ben and Bob shone as they saw all the aprons and spelling-cards and donations of hoods and toys that went into a big box, which was directed to the teacher of a little destitute colored school away off in the South, and sent from the "Lend-a-Hand Club."

II.

Miss Grey was out of heart. Yes, for once she was in the deepest depths of despondency. She smiled grimly to herself to think that she could have descended to the blues, but the smile ended in a sob, and she turned with a gesture of despair from the pile of old slates on the desk before her.

It all seemed so hopeless. For six months she had toiled faithfully; six months, and what had been the result? To her weary and troubled heart there seemed to be almost as much ignorance and want of energy as there were when she entered the little school a half a year ago.

It had seemed then such a beautiful thing to help the freedmen, but to-night, after the discouragements of a trying day, her enthusiasm had departed, and she was longing for the North, and for her home.

It was almost Christmas, too— No, she would not dwell on that thought. She must try to think of some plan to establish a relation between George Washington Johnson and the twenty-six letters of the English language; so far her results in that direction had been unsuccessful.

"Six months, and he doesn't know the alphabet," groaned Miss Grey.

Truly, that boy was a "thorn in the flesh." The most ubiquitous of boys also. Even now his voice sounds without the window:

"Miss Grey, Miss Grey! Hyar's Big Joe, Big Joe's hyar; he's bringin' yo' somethen fo' shuah," and the weary teacher looked up to see Big Joe staggering through the narrow doorway, with a box in his arms.

It came down with a thud by the teacher's chair.

"Chris'mus box," said Big Joe, with an interrogating grin. "'Spects de fambly tinkin' 'bout yo', Miss Grey."

"Why, no!" exclaimed the surprised Miss Grey, as she read the direction on the box. "It is for the school, but sent in my care. Get a hatchet, George Washington, from the wood-shed."

With a bound the illustrious youth departed, to return with the appurtenance belonging to his name and fame.

And then what an excitement there was as the box was opened and unpacked!

George Washington was compelled to retire to the wood-shed to vent some of his feelings in the singing of his favorite hymn, "The Year of Jubilee."

Even Big Joe sat down once in sheer amazement over the wonders of the box. But Miss Grey capped the climax, for when she reached the bottom and found there the note from the "Lend-a-Hand Club," with a loving message to herself, and some books—some new, unread books that seemed like sparkling water to her thirsty mind—Miss Grey gave up entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Mighty quar way ob actin' 'bout a present," thought Big Joe to himself, as he fled in dismay to the wood-shed after George Washington.

"Hyar, yo' plantation boy, stop yo' 'Year ob Jubilee!' 'Taint no year ob jubilee now. You cut in dar, and do somethen fo' yo' teacher, quick!"

But when the young hopeful had recovered sufficiently from his astonishment to appear in the door-way, he found Miss Grey looking so happy that he came to the conclusion that Big Joe had "done ben struck by lightnin', and hadn't known nothin' nohow."

Having arrived at this satisfactory state of mind, George Washington became one of the committee on ways and means which ended in his adjournment to the woods, in company with Big Joe, with instructions to get the biggest evergreen they could find.

And it was a big one, a famous one.

They stood it in one corner of the room, and its branches touched the ceiling.

Then came the exciting task of marking the different gifts with names of the scholars, and tying them to the tree.

George Washington helped with a will, and worked with but one desire in his heart. Out of the whole box there was but one thing that he coveted. There it lay—that big alphabet card, with its bright red letters and border; how he did want that!

But George suddenly remembered with contrition that he hadn't been a very good boy; he had played "pretty mostly" in school, and so Abraham Lincoln Greggs would probably have that pretty red thing. At this George Washington's lips gave a pucker of despair. Just then it was that Miss Grey said, cheerfully,

"Well, George, I haven't put any thing on the tree for you. If you could read now, I would give you one of these pretty books, but—"

"'D rather have that thar kyard," answered George, with a poke of one small black finger in the direction of Bob's handiwork.

"This?" queried Miss Grey, as she picked it up. "Well, you shall have it then; wait, here is something printed down in one corner, 'Made by Ben and Bob.' They must have made it for a lesson-card for you, George," and she tied it on the tree for him, to George's intense delight.

"Made by Ben and Bob," said the boy to himself, as he crept home at night. "Don' know them, sarten, but ef they made that thar kyard fo' me I'm gwine to learn what's on it —whoop!" and he tumbled over the fence thinking of the treat in store for the other children to-morrow.

It was a treat to which words cannot do justice. All their lives will those bright-eyed children remember the "Lend-a-Hand Christmas," as they called it, in memory of the boys and girls at the North who had lent a hand to them.

On the wall over Miss Grey's desk they hung the card of mottoes that the Club had sent, and before the winter was over the children in Miss Grey's school had become a "Lend-a-Hand Club" themselves—to render willing service to others.

And George Washington? Within a week he had learned every letter on his card. Somehow there had crept into his small mind the thought that Ben and Bob had made it for him for this very purpose, and he was determined they should not be disappointed.

Will you believe it? By the time another Christmas had rolled around, the name of George Washington Johnson shone among those of the best readers of the school. To Miss Grey the Christmas lesson was one never to be forgotten. When tempted to despair her heart turned to the thought of the faith, hope, and love that translated the words above her desk:

"Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back;
And lend a hand!"

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—H. E. Banks.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER IX.

ASHORE IN GIBRALTAR.

REX worked briskly the next morning at the usual Saturday scrubbing, and had his "bright work" all cleaned by 9:30. He was putting away his brick and cleaning rags when the school-master came to find him.

"The dinghy is going in, with the mail orderly, in a quarter of an hour. We should gain nearly an hour by going in her. I have the passes all right. Can you get ready, do you think?"

"I guess so," said Rex, "I'll try." He spoke a few words to Andersen, hastened down to his locker, put on his muster-suit, gave his shoes a quick brush, and hurried up to the deck—just in time.

The boat "shoved off," and in a quarter of an hour was along-side the stone steps of the Ragged Staff Landing.

"Hurrah!" shouted Rex, as his feet touched the land. "Catch me if you can!" and he started off on a run, closely followed by the school-master, who was but a few years his senior, and almost as much a boy as he was. Round a low building they went at high speed, leaped over a pile of projectiles, vaulted over some lumber, ran up to the gate and then back, till both were out of breath, and laughing heartily.

"Isn't this just glorious!" exclaimed Rex, as they sat down on the lumber, and looked out upon the waters of the bay. "It seems as though I got new life the moment my feet touched the ground."

"I think very likely you did," said the school-master. "Ship life demagnetizes us, I believe. Living on board there for a month, we miss the subtle influences which come from the soil. There is a story of a giant, in the old mythology, the son of Earth, who was invincible so long as he fought on the soil. The only way Hercules could conquer him was to lift him above the ground and throttle him in the air."

"I guess there must be some truth in that story," said Rex. "But just look at those tremendous shell!" he exclaimed, suddenly, pointing to a low pile of projectiles not far away, covered in part with a tarpaulin. They got up and went to them.

"Why, they are five times as big as those on board ship!" said Rex, stooping down, and trying in vain to move one of them.

"Yes," said the school-master; "and if you had said ten times you would have come nearer to it. Those projectiles weigh not far from two thousand pounds, and evidently fit the one-hundred-ton guns."

"I shouldn't like to be hit by one of these!" said Rex.

"I don't suppose it would hurt you any more than to be hit by one of our one-pound Hotchkiss shell. Either would 'jerk your beef' pretty effectually. But come, let's start on our travels."

They passed through the great double-gates in the wall unchallenged by the sentries, and walked up a slight incline. A tree was growing on the top. Rex broke away from his companion, ran ahead, jumped, and caught a lower branch, pulled himself up, and in a few moments had reached the highest attainable point.

"Come down out of that, you monkey," said the school-master, good-humoredly, as he came up.

Rex dexterously let himself down.

"I really couldn't help it," he said, as he reached the ground. "I never see a tree without feeling a sort of challenge to climb it. But where shall we go now?"

"I believe you said the chaplain planned for us to go south to Europa Point first. But I don't see either donkeys or carriages."

"Let's walk!" exclaimed Rex. "I don't believe I could have patience to ride just now."

"Yes," said the school-master, "but we've got a hard day before us, and a hot one, too, if it is mid-winter. Look up there," he said, pointing to the signal station far above them. "That's a good two hours' climb. We must husband our strength."

"But what are we to ride on or in?" asked Rex. "There is nothing here. We might as well walk till we find something. No use to 'wait for the wagon' here."

They started off together on the road toward the south, and soon reached the Alameda—the public garden—not very extensive, and quite deserted at that time of the day, but looking very attractive with its terraces and flowers. There were two busts on pedestals—one of the Duke of Wellington, and the other of Gen. Elliott, the defender of the Rock in the Great Siege—neither of them remarkable as a specimen of artistic skill.

"This must be a lively place in the afternoon," said the school-master; "with the band playing and the walks and seats thronged with ladies and children."

"That's so," said Rex. "Let's come here this afternoon. It's near the landing. I suppose I mustn't pick a flower of that scarlet geranium?"

"No, the rules forbid it," said the school-master; "but I guess we shall find some wild flowers before we get through our day's ramble."

Just outside the garden they found a shabby hackney coach. The school-master easily bargained with the driver to carry them to the light-house and back for four shillings.

The ride was a very pleasant one. The road was sufficiently high for them to look down upon the store-houses and dock-yards, and the new mole, with the big ships of the English Channel fleet lying along-side it.

"I wonder which is the flag-ship," the school-master said, "and if the Duke of Edinburgh will visit our ship before we leave?"

"O, I do hope he will," said Rex, enthusiastically.

At Rosia they passed some fine private residences, surrounded by gardens. They had a near view of the Naval Hospital, with its cool piazzas and orange groves. The driver pointed out to them "Misery Hole," as the military quarters for the married is called. They passed barracks and mess-houses seemingly without number—enormous buildings of stone—and looked down upon bastions and batteries sufficient to convince them of the formidable, well-nigh impregnable character of the fortress they were exploring. They reached Europa Flats finally, and halted at the light-house—a cylindrical structure about one hundred and fifty feet high. Across the blue waters, some thirteen miles away, on the African side, towered Apes' Hill, the companion Pillar of Hercules. A cool breeze was blowing from the Mediterranean.

"We can't get any farther this way," said the school-master; and after looking about them, and making a few inquiries, they were driven back to the Alameda, and dismissed their coach.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the Southport Gate. Just before reaching it, a little cemetery on the right attracted Rex's attention, and he stepped over to see it.

"Why, all these were killed in the Trafalgar fight?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

The school-master joined him, and they read several of the inscriptions.

"How hard it seems to realize that we are actually looking upon the graves of some who lost their lives in that memorable action," he said.

They passed through the gate, and found themselves at once in a well-built, compact town, with paved streets, substantial houses, churches, stores, hotels, markets, public buildings, etc. But what especially struck them was the motley character of the people. There were soldiers, of course,

every-where, splendidly built, well-set-up fellows conspicuous in their close-fitting red coats and white helmets; but, besides these, there were stately Moors in white robes and turbans, hook-nosed Jews, swarthy Greeks, "Dagoes," Spaniards, Turks, French, Genoese—all sorts. Neither the school-master nor Rex were sufficiently familiar with the world to differentiate the various nationalities, but they recognized race types, and speculated upon them.

"How strange it all is," said Rex.

They stopped at a curio store and went in. It was a well-stocked bazar of Moorish, Spanish, and Oriental curiosities—brass trays, beads, lamps, rugs, cushions, crockery, pottery, etc., from Tangiers; Maltese lace and filagree work; Spanish fans and lace; photographs; embroidered table covers from Constantinople; Turkish pipes; coral; cameos, and lava from Naples, etc.

"We mustn't stay here too long," said the school-master; "we have only time to glance at things now."

They came out at length very reluctantly, Rex quietly making memoranda in his note-book of certain things which struck his fancy, and their prices.

"We must get up to the Moorish Tower as soon as we can," said the school-master. "I wonder how we are to get there. It is quite a climb from here."

A soldier directed them; and, after zigzagging their way through several streets, or "ramps," as they seemed to be called, they reached the venerable tower, and passed in through a gate at its side. The school-master handed his pass to the sentry, and in a few moments an artilleryman came and bade them follow him. Passing down a sort of lane between lofty walls of brick, a gate was reached, which opened into the "lower communicating gallery." A stream of cool, moist air struck them.

"Why, it's like one of our long railway tunnels at home," said the school-master, as they looked down the gloomy vista; "only not so high."

"Yes," said Rex, as they passed the chambers opening out of the gallery, each with its gun pointing out of the embrasure; "but the depots are not quite so frequent as they are here."

"How chilly it is!" said the school-master, shivering.

Their guide told them several interesting incidents connected with the history of the works. He pointed out one of the chambers where a sad accident occurred fifty years before. A detachment of artillerymen were experimenting with a gun, to test its range with grape-shot, and all but two of them went to the next chamber, where there was no gun, to watch the effect of the shot. The gun was fired; its wadding blew back and ignited the powder in a portable magazine; the powder exploded, and blew fourteen of the men out of the embrasure upon the rocks below.

Rex looked down and shuddered. The poor fellows must have fallen eight hundred feet, and could scarcely have been conscious of what killed them.

They went on seemingly for miles before they completed the circuit of the lower galleries. Then they came out into the open air, and climbed quite a steep ascent to an upper range. These higher galleries and batteries were more striking still, and the views which they got from the embrasures were very fine. They could see the parade ground, the cemeteries, the broad strip of neutral ground, with the English sentry-boxes on one side and the Spanish on the other, and the Spanish village of Linea beyond. The guide took them into St. George's Hall, and up to the Queen's Lookout.

"Why, how white this rock is!" the school-master remarked. "Is it lime rock or marble?"

"It's pretty hard to tell just what it is, right here," the guide said; "we call it limestone."

"And how much higher up is it to the top of the Rock over our head?" inquired Rex.

"About four hundred feet," the guide said; "and there is a battery up there."

"I shouldn't be afraid to be a gunner up there," Rex said, laughing. "No heavy gun could reach me, and I could aim where I pleased on those below."

"There you are mistaken," said the guide. "During the Siege the Spaniards so trained their guns as to dismount the highest piece of ordnance we had there—a mortar."

"Then I'm not so ambitious as I was," retorted Rex, with a laugh.

"There's a very pretty effect in the way the guns are fired on the queen's birthday," the guide said, "the salute begins with the Rock-gun over our head; then it is taken up by the Willis's Battery which we passed a few moments ago, and so it goes down to the parade ground, where it is taken up by the troops drawn up there."

"I should like to be here then," said Rex. "Let's see! That's May 24, isn't it?"

The guide nodded.

"We shall be in Hong-Kong by that time," said the school-master.

"And that's a bigger rock than this," said the guide. "I've served there."

Having reached the end of the galleries, they gave their conductor a shilling each, and took the road which led by a series of zigzags up to the signal station. Rex was exceedingly jubilant, full of talk and laughter. Suddenly he became silent, and when the school-master, who was taking the lead, looked back, he saw him stooping over a little cluster of white flowers, which grew wild on that part of the Rock. He called to him to come on, but the lad made no answer. He went back therefore, and when he reached his companion, found, to his surprise, that his eyes were moist with tears. He had the delicacy to say nothing, and Rex, quietly plucking a few of the flowers, put them into his memorandum book to press, and walked along with him.

"They were my mother's favorite flower," he said, at length, in a husky tone. "She always cultivated them. After her death I took them up and set them out around her grave."

On reaching the Signal Station they found, besides the flag poles and an old stone tower, and a small battery, a neat house and garden for the use of the sergeant in charge, and a paved lookout, walled in, and furnished with tables for serving refreshments to visitors. A group of English officers were sitting at one of the tables, and chatting merrily over crackers and beer. Rex and the school-master indulged in "ginger-pop," and then looked about them.

Below them lay the town and fortifications, mapped out with wonderful distinctness, the murmurs of its life faintly reaching their ears. Then the broad bay lay before them thickly sprinkled with ships and steamers, commercial and naval—among them the graceful *Scranton*, looking not much bigger from that altitude than one of her cutters. Across the bay, at the foot of a range of mountains nestled the town of Algeciras; and the eye readily swept the horizon to the left, and looked far down the famous Straits to Tarifa, and the white houses of distant Tangiers, with the somber range of the Atlas Mountains in the background; while on the extreme left (almost due south) rose the lofty Apes' Hill, with the Spanish convict station of Ceuta at its base (the latter, however, not visible). On the right lay Monte Carbonera (the Queen of Spain's Chair), and back of it, to the northward, towered range after range of mountains, overtopped, on the far horizon, by the Sierra Nevadas, covered with perpetual snows. Back of them lay the broad blue expanse of the Mediterranean, while at the base of the Rock, at the foot of a tremendous precipice, lay the peaceful little hamlet of Catalan Bay.

They were enjoying the view and commenting on it, when Rex's quick eye detected a moving object part way down the precipice on the west side.

"Why, there's a monkey!" he suddenly ejaculated.

The English officers jumped from their table and hastened to the parapet to look down. The sergeant also came out. Rex was surprised at the interest which his discovery had so unexpectedly evoked.

"There aint more 'n twenty of 'em left," the sergeant ex-

plained to him. "They're a parfikkeler kind—aint got no tails. They come from across the Barbery side—from Apes' Hill—and have been here ever since we've held the Rock. Some folks think there's an under-ground passage below the Straits, but that's all bunkum. We treat 'em kindly, but they're mighty shy, and are fast dyin' out."

He tried to coax the monkey to come up and drink some water, but without success, the timid creature beating a hasty retreat down the Rock.

It was after one o'clock when they came down to the town. They decided, on the way down, to take dinner at a hotel to which they had been directed, and then start out to explore the district to the north of Gibraltar. It was arranged that Rex should go forward, and order the meal, while the school-master paid a brief visit to the famous Garrison Library, on the Governor's Parade, the shelves of which contain forty thousand volumes.

As Rex was walking through a narrow street, he met with an interruption which threatened at one time to be serious.

Several of the crew of the *Scranton* were ashore on liberty. Rex encountered one of them, a petty officer, peaceable and well-behaved enough on board ship, but a very different character on shore, when filled with rum—as Rex soon found, to his cost.

He recognized our hero at once and greeted him effusively, called him "a grand good fellow, none o' yer sneakin' cusses, do ye hear?" took him by the arm, and asked him to take a drink with him. Rex declined. Upon this the man flew into a violent rage, and with many an oath insisted that Rex should go with him. The latter's cheek flushed; he shook himself loose and walked off; but the man followed him, and suddenly catching him by the shoulder, seized him by the throat, to which he clung with a bull-dog tenacity, shaking him, and venting curses in a sort of insane fury.

Rex struggled in vain. That awful compression of his throat was suffocating him. He struck out wildly with hands and feet—all to no purpose. He was sinking down exhausted and giddy, when he heard footsteps rapidly approaching, and then the murderous grip was relaxed.

When he recovered himself sufficiently to look up, he saw, to his great surprise, Reddy dancing around his late antagonist, and putting in blow after blow, with all the skill of a practiced pugilist, right upon the eye. One eye, indeed, was already closed up, and the other was puffed and swollen. One or two more blows, and that, too, was blinded. Reddy desisted then, and leading the man to the curb-stone told him to sit down. Then he stood off for a moment and surveyed his work critically.

"Well," he exclaimed, "in the language of Sam Weller, 'Now you look compact and comfortable, as the man said when he cut off his son's head to cure him of squinting.' I reckon you wont do no more mischief to-day. Stop yer blarney," he said, threateningly, to the man who began to swear at him, "or I'll flatten that nose o' your'n into a pancake!"

"O Reddy," said Rex, "you came just in the nick of time. He had almost choked me to death."

"You *do* look a little black around the gills," replied Reddy, with an affected roughness, but he laid his hand very tenderly upon Rex's neck, and pressed together the skin which had been broken or cut by the drunken man's nails. "But you got out of it better than Foster. He's lost an ear, chawed off by that miserable varmint."

Rex persuaded Reddy to go to the hotel and dine with him and the school-master, laughingly assuring him that he dared not trust himself on shore any longer without his protection. Reddy was quite willing to forget his spasm of jealousy, and promised Rex that he would soon make him as proficient with the gloves as he was himself.

They had a merry dinner together, and a pleasant drive in the afternoon out to the Spanish lines, where they got a new view of the Rock, and Rex pointed out to Reddy the embrasures through which they had looked in the morning. They witnessed a grand review of eight thousand of the troops of the garrison by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh and staff, and had the pleasure of seeing the prince as he rode by, and of receiving a return to their salute.

They got back to the town toward the close of the afternoon. Reddy hunted up the petty officer who had behaved so badly, found him asleep in a groggery, roused him, led him to the landing, and brought him off in the sundown boat. When he came to himself the next morning he was perfectly oblivious of his misconduct on the previous day, and Reddy did not think it best to enlighten him.

[*To be continued.*]

LOOK UP!

Lend a Hand.

Look up, my soul, not down;
God's face will smile, not frown.
Look out, my heart, not in;
To doubt Christ were a sin.
Look not still behind,
O troubled mind;
Forward! Thyself forget;
Pay thou the debt
Of love which thou dost owe
To all men, friend and foe.
Trust God, whate'er betide,
Faith, Love, and Hope thy Guide,
And Heaven thy sure reward.
Till then,
Praise thou the Lord.
Amen. —*Joseph A. Torrey.*

THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN B. HARRIS.

PART III.

HAVING thus felt the enemy, and given his raw troops their "baptism of fire," Gen. Middleton resolved to await supplies before making a further advance. There were the wounded to take care of and send to the rear, causing a further depletion of the small force; there were many preparations to be made, and there was the steamer with the Gatling gun, forage, provisions, and troops to wait for. Very unfortunately the boat was delayed many days beyond the time she should have arrived. The water was low in the river, and much valuable time was consumed in poling over the numerous sand-bars which obstructed her way. Almost two weeks elapsed before the welcome sound of her whistle was at last heard by the impatient troops. At once the advance to Batoche was ordered, and the camp was struck on the 7th of May. The total strength was now nine hundred men, from which number, if we deduct those in charge of the wounded, the ambulance corps, and other non-fighters, the total available fighting force would perhaps not exceed six hundred men. The rebels had made most complete and skillful preparations. They had chosen their position so well that, while they commanded the approaches from every direction, they themselves were almost absolutely safe from the bullets and shell of the loyal troops. Rifle pits extended in echelon along the hill-sides for more than two miles, so ingeniously contrived that their occupants might bid defiance to ten times their number, except at the very bayonet's point. For three days a spirited fire from field-gun, rifle, and Gatling was rained upon them with small effect. The men were becoming furious at being thus held at arm's-length, and murmurings were beginning to be heard among them. The simple truth was that Gen. Middleton shared the universal opinion of the regular army, that volunteers were not to be depended upon at close quarters. "Would to heaven that my

brave lads were regulars!" said he. "I should make short work of it."

The fourth day was destined to prove that the spirit which has nerved the hearts and steeled the sinews of British soldiers on many a well-fought field was with our young Canadian troops at Batoche. Tuesday, April 12, was the fourth day of its investiture, and by some sort of sympathetic necromancy the feeling had spread among the men that before the sun went down they would test the mettle of the foe. This determination was evident to the eye of the experienced commander by many indubitable signs. There were gleaming eyes and sternly set jaws; a closer clutch of rifle and sword-hilt; belts more tightly drawn, and a more soldierly stride as the bugles sounded the advance, and it is safe to say that it was with a certain amount of trepidation the gallant old soldier led forth his young followers on that memorable morning. The Half-breeds had proved they were a foe not to be lightly estimated. Pent in their almost unassailable "rat-holes," the task of dislodging them would be one of great difficulty and danger, and the prudent officer might well be pardoned if he hesitated to send inexperienced troops on such a perilous duty.

But the hour was come. The forenoon was devoted to the usual duel at long range, and at noon the men had a hasty dinner in the trenches. It was then made known to the regimental officers that the general wished to press the enemy, and that every discreet effort was to be used to that end. The lines are extended and the word is "Forward!" It had long been waited for, and with a wild cheer the little army threw aside, for the first time, the grasp of the general's restraining hand, and passed in a moment beyond his control.

The supreme moment had arrived and he saw it. "Let them go," he said; "that charge means death or victory! Let them go!"

And they went. Down the hill-side and along it; over fallen lumber, through brush and brake, in the face of the leaden hail which dropped many a poor fellow from the ranks as they thundered on; pressing on the rifle-pits which had stung them so long, hand-to-hand at last, their bayonets "forward flung," they met the dusky enemy on equal terms, and he melted away before their steel, as darkness melts before the lances of the morning. Batoche was won. The Indians and Half-breeds were fleeing in every direction, and the troops camped that night in the stronghold of the foe.

The rebellion was virtually extinguished. I should like space to tell of many incidents of the fight, which, though small compared with a real battle, was in many respects as gallant an encounter as any recorded in history. You will not deny me room to mention the bravery of your countryman, Captain Howard, of the Winchester Arms Co., who was in command of the Gatling. Canada owes him more than I understand she has yet paid, but I am quite sure that the obligation will be acknowledged in some suitable manner, if it has not already been.

So much for the success of the main body of the expedition. The other portions of the North-west force had also come in contact with the enemy at different points. Col. Otter, it will be remembered, was sent to relieve Battleford, and Col. Strange to perform a like office for Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan. The former left the railway at Swift Current with some eight hundred men, and, covering the intervening one hundred and ninety miles in five days, reached Battleford to find the people safe within the palisades of the fort, but the place itself a scene of ruin and desolation. His coming was hailed with joy by the six hundred men, women, and children who, as I have said, were hourly in expectation of being attacked by the Indians and Half-breeds under the celebrated warrior Poundmaker. The night before Otter's arrival the red fiends had looted not only the village itself, but the whole country-side, burning and destroying every thing they could not carry away. Col. Otter determined to teach the red-skins a lesson, and shortly after his arrival led a force of three hundred men to attack Poundmaker at a point some thirty miles from Battleford. They more than accomplished their object, and after a fierce conflict, attended with considerable loss, they succeeded in crippling Poundmaker's command so seriously that he was unable to effect a junction with Riel at Batoche, which was evidently the programme.

Otter then returned to Battleford, this being his only engagement. Another red-skin was on the war-path—the biggest rascal of them all, Big Bear—with a following of some four or five hundred Indians and Half-breeds, and a number of captives taken at the massacre of Frog Lake, several of them women and children. Col. Strange, on his way down the river, had fallen in with him and tried to force an engagement, but, owing to the nature of the ground, was unable to get near him.

Gen. Middleton's force, now set free at Batoche, joined Col. Otter at Battleford and immediately set off in pursuit of Big Bear, the last remaining enemy, Poundmaker and Riel both having surrendered themselves. They chased him for days, and were at last brought to a halt on the edge of an impenetrable muskeg, where no one except an Indian could hope to find a footing. Here Big Bear had left his *impedimenta*, consisting of buck-boards, carts, harness, etc., and he and his followers, on their light, wide-hoofed Indian ponies, had plunged into the muskeg, where no white troops could follow.

The hunt was up. Irritated beyond measure that the villain who had instigated the massacre of priests and peaceable settlers at Frog Lake should thus slip through his fingers, and unwilling to relax his efforts while a hope remained of rescuing the prisoners from the hands of the savage, Gen. Middleton was, for the first time, at a loss what to do. Fortunately, the question was solved for him in an unexpected manner by the escape of the captives, winked at, no doubt, by Big Bear, who, hearing of Riel's defeat and Poundmaker's surrender, saw that the game was up. Shortly afterward he himself came in, and the war was over. The final scenes were witnessed a few weeks since, when Riel and some eight or ten Indian marauders paid the penalty of their crimes on the scaffold.

At the close of July, after a campaign of some four months, the "boys" came home. Sunbrowned, ragged, and camp-stained, they marched back to their various quarters amid the acclamations of their friends, placed their rifles in their racks, doffed the scarlet and rifle-green, and in a week were peaceable citizens once more. And so the North-west rebellion collapsed. That it might have proved a much more serious matter for the Dominion may easily be conceived. One or two signal reverses and the probabilities were that the whole savage horde of Indians would have donned their war-paint with deplorable consequences. And had the authorities of the United States been less friendly than they were, the Indians and Half-breeds of Montana might have been let loose over our southern border, which would have given rise to complications of the most serious character. Canadians feel that to the vigilance and good-will of American frontier soldiers they owe their preservation from such a calamity as this would have been. Is it too much to hope that whatever differences may have existed in the past between two peoples bound to each other by a common ancestry and ties of kindred blood, the citizens of the United States and Canada may, for all the future, be enabled to preserve like friendly relations with each other? Though our paths may seem divergent, our destinies and our hopes are one—our mutual object the character and advancement of the people, the preservation of liberty, and the spread of Christ's kingdom.

RUN if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

MEN AND MARVELS OF THE COAL REGION.

BY R. T. WILEY.

III.

THE mining of coal was begun in the valley of the Monongahela many years ago, at first for home use only. But the shipping of it abroad has so expanded the business in the past few years that this is now one of the leading regions of the world in the extent of its coal production. Two natural conditions have had much to do with the growth of this business: first, the ease with which the coal may be reached, and, secondly, the ease with which it may be conveyed to many other places where they have no coal of their own.

It has before been said that the coal vein in this region lies high. The valley of the Monongahela is one of great natural beauty, being lined on both sides for most of its extent with high, steep hills. Among these the river goes winding, revealing new beauties to the traveler at every turn, and gaining for it an ever-growing favor as an excursion route. The coal level, so-called, is not properly an exact level, varying somewhat, but its inclination is never great, and at most points it is high up the hills, above the river level.

The process of mining here employed is called drifting. A tunnel is dug into the hill at the coal level. It has many branches, and railway tracks are laid along these, over which the coal is drawn out in cars. A description of the actual work of mining will have to be deferred for another chapter. An inclined railway with double track leads from the first mouth to the river, far below, and down this the loaded car is run, a rope keeping it under control, and drawing an empty car up at the same time. The railroad extends out over the stream for some feet, and is elevated above the water so that boats can be drawn up under it to receive the coal. This structure is called a tipple, and is provided with screens or sifters, through and over which the coal passes, being thus assorted according to the size of lumps, and each size conducted to its own vessel.

If a chip were to be thrown into the Monongahela, and permitted to drift unhindered, it would find its way through the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. This tells the whole story of the road which coal has to travel, in whole or part, after it drops from the tipple, and its highway from the mines to the gulf is only a part of what is the finest system of inland navigation in the world.

The cities of Cincinnati and Louisville on the Ohio, and St. Louis and New Orleans on the Mississippi, as well as hundreds of smaller cities and towns along these great rivers, get most of their coal from the Monongahela valley. Formerly the coal was floated down in great, deep, open boats, the current carrying them along, and the crews of men on them guiding them as well as they could with large oars. The boats were only built for one trip each, being broken up and sold for wood when they reached their destination, and so were cheaply put together of thin boards. They sank deep in the water with their loads of nearly a thousand tons each, so that a high stage of water in the river was required to float them. This brought with it a swift current, and the great, clumsy, box-like boats were hard to manage, often coming in collision and breaking to pieces, with great loss of property, and sometimes also with loss of life.

This perilous method of transportation has of late years been wholly abandoned, and steam has been applied. Powerful steamboats take great fleets of these coal-boats and barges, as they are called, loaded heavily with coal, and guide them down the rivers, making the journey in a much shorter time than under the old system, and with greater safety to person and property. The vessels are more substantially made now, and are usually brought back.

Even the shipments are not made without dangers. These come to the boatmen in the form of flood, storm, ice, and hidden obstructions in the channel, and sometimes cause disastrous wrecks. Two years ago, on New Year's morning, a fine steamer in an ice-flood drifted on an obstruction, capsized, took fire, and finally sank. Her crew were forced into the cold waters, amid floating ice, and four young lives went out in the darkness of that chill morning. Shortly after that, on another boat, the engineer went out on a dark night to oil the machinery about the great paddle-wheel at the rear. A despairing cry was heard, but when the steamer was stopped and a boat lowered, only the hurrying cakes of ice, grinding each other in their haste, could be seen in the angry black water. An icy mass formed from the dripping wheel on the narrow ledge along which the poor fellow had attempted to walk told the whole story.

IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

A LOW, white-washed, felt-roofed bungalow, or factory, which stands above a vast stretch of flat beach, shrouded in the mist of daybreak. Through the haze nothing can be seen of the gigantic breakers curling inshore; only the dreary sound of them is heard as they break, and at last run hissing up a line of coraled sea-weed of every hue of purple, yellow, green, and pink.

The shore-side of the headland slopes precipitously to the river, and upon its farther bank there appears suddenly, filing through the grass, a company of eighty to a hundred black men, who splash through the shallow water, laughing and talking at the highest pitch of their voices. Each man carries on his head a bag of produce, and a dozen of them have slung upon poles six tusks of ivory. A few wear a cotton cloth round their shoulders, but the majority cover their loins and no more. They carry spears, or have spear-pointed knives or common white-handled table-knives stuck in their loin-cloths; and all wear some sort of ornament, if it be but a single string of beads or a strip of brass wire.

As they climb the bank and come in full sight of the factory they raise a shout which is heard by the "headmen," who struggle to their feet, and two of them hurry out to greet the men, while the other one runs to the factory to rouse the white man. At the door of the white man's room he stirs up with his stick the white man's boy—still asleep across the mat—and the boy, after a kick or two in the blanket, rolls out of it and wakes his master, who, in pajamas and sleeping-shirt of trade-cloth, comes out into the long, bare room, which serves him as dining and reception room in one. A sallow and generally wasted appearance has the trader; and his assistant—a strip of a lad picked up cheap in England and shipped to the coast—who presently shuffles out of his bedroom, looks even more reduced and enervated than his master.

The headman makes his salaam to both, and announces that "plenty trade live for come one time," which is his way of saying that plenty of trade is coming quickly. A tall, burly Negro is he, with well-covered ribs and shoulders, over which he throws a bright-patterned shawl-piece for his day-dress. As he does this his necklet of pipe-coral beads, and heavy armlets of bright brass, twinkle in the sunlight. He stalks out, and the two white men proceed to discuss their early breakfast. After this the assistant shuffles round under the veranda to the door of the great store or "cargo" room, as it is called, before which the men are already squatted in two long rows, with their bundles of trade beside them. They rise with a murmur of approval as the white man unfastens the letter padlock of the door—a lock which, requiring no key, prevents any surreptitious opening of the door—and all try to crowd into the room, where the foremost are brought up by a rail which fences them from the treasures the room contains.

There are shelves upon shelves of pieces of blue-and-white figured cottons, cotton stripes and checks; cotton domestics, colored and plain; satin stripes; blue and red baft; handkerchief and shawl pieces; fancy prints; fancy rugs and blankets,

and other descriptions of common cotton goods. On the floor, piled against the walls, are cases of French flint muskets, thin brass-rods and brass ware, machets, knives, beads, gin, liquors, casks of rum, crates of earthenware, and an assortment of odds and ends, from imitation jewelry to pocket looking-glasses. Separate from the factory is the powder-house.

When a sufficient number of the men have crowded into the room to fill the space before the rail, they are admitted through it by the headmen, and squat in squads upon the floor before the weighing-machine, at which the trader takes his seat; while his assistant stands at the shelves, ready to redeem the little chits, "or books," as they are called, which the senior man will give for the number of "longs" which he may agree to pay to each man for his produce. The produce —in little mat bags containing from ten to thirty-two pounds, and sometimes but a handkerchief full of rubber, pea-nuts, or gum copal—he puts into the scale. If it is satisfactory in quality it is bargained for in the "longs" referred to—so many for so many pounds of pea-nuts, rubber, or gum, according to the value of the produce. On the first bargain made there depends much, as the most experienced and wily old black usually offers the first bag of produce of each kind. By the price he obtains all the others are guided, and, where there are more factories than one in a station, where he goes they all follow.

After the bag of produce is bought or "passed in," as the term is, it is paid for in the various articles of the trade, at the discretion chiefly of the trader—that is to say, no native can have his produce paid for solely in one article of trade. He cannot have all cloth, or all muskets, or all powder; but he must take a selection of articles, the relative values of which are fixed by the "long," the standard of quantity and quality. This consists of six yards of common cotton cloth; less of finer cloth, according to quality; more of coarser cloth; and so on until every article of the trade to muskets and gunpowder, the most valuable in it, are disposed of in relation to the "long."

As the bags are rapidly passed in, the contents are emptied out in heaps on a clear space of the floor, and then the ivory men, or "bushmen" as they are called, knowing they have more valuable article to sell, come forward, and one of them unslings the tusk he has, and places it in a spring balance. It is examined for cracks, and the hollow root probed for mud or stones, and after the weight is got at, a "mouth" or offer is made to the native "gentlemen," or brokers, in three articles of trade—muskets, powder, and cloth; so many muskets, so many kegs of powder, so many yards of cloth, according to the weight of the "tooth" and the value of ivory. The method of buying ivory is distinct from that of buying any other kind of produce, and is intricate, and is supposed to be made so partly in order to puzzle the "bushmen" as to the real value of the ivory they have to sell. These "bushmen" bring it from the very far interior, whence they have traveled for months, and are easily bewildered, being, naturally, not nearly so sharp as the men of the coast tribes, who bring in the lesser kind of produce, and every man of whom is a born haggler.

It is well on to noon before the last tooth is bought and paid for, and the crowd of natives, who have been storming and laughing, chattering and grumbling by turns, are turned out into the yard, with their goods on their heads, to take their way to the "town." When all are out, the cargo-room door is locked, and the white men return to the dwelling part of the house, where the native boys are setting breakfast for them.

After each man has had his bath of river-water, and has got into the costume of the coast—white duck trousers and a cotton shirt—he sits down to his meal of palm-oil, canned meats, and butter, English bacon and ham, and bread baked by the cook, all set out on a long table in the big room, the walls of which are ornamented by two stands of rifles.

The furniture of the room is of the commonest—a sofa and a few cane chairs. Outside of the glassless windows is the real lounging-place of the house—the veranda, on which are long canvas chairs, and in one corner hammocks slung on bamboo poles ready for resting or traveling in.

Through the veranda the sea-breeze blows freshly, tempering the midday heat of ninety degrees, and sending the trader asleep, while his assistant goes again to the hot and close-smelling cargo-room to pay away the barter for the daily rations of the many servants. With the beads and the rum the men buy from the native "town" folk, from whom the assistant picks up what fresh provisions he can for himself and for his master. These consist chiefly of small fowls, tough and lean; woolless and skinny sheep; and now and again a small deer or a brace of red-legged partridges. Beef is almost unknown, unless a bullock is brought to the "point" by the ivory men.

When the rations are distributed, provisions paid for, and the produce bagged and marked, the day's work is over for the time for the assistant, and he also retires for his *siesta*, which lasts until the sun is fairly over the vast horizon of water to the west.

With the darkness comes coolness and dinner, which is a repetition of breakfast, and after it the "watch" is set for the night. Then the "headmen" make their appearance, may be, with news of plenty of trade for the morrow, which information they impart squatted on their heels on the floor, the lamplight lighting up their black faces and glistening on their bangles and coral.

Then they go off to their huts and to their mats, and the trader, after a last look round the quiet factory, and listening for the cry of the "watch," also retires to sleep, hushed by the gentle rustle of the night breeze blowing off the land, and by the heavy murmur of the ceaseless surf, which now gleams phosphorescent on the beach, and crests with light the big rollers far out at sea under a starry sky.—*All the Year Round.*

THE ENGLISH COURT.

Rev. Mr. Haweis, an English lecturer, has been traveling in America, and describing his experiences in letters to a London paper. In an interview with President Cleveland he was struck by the absence of ceremony and by the affability of the President, who asked him to sit down and engaged him in familiar conversation. We understand what democratic simplicity means when we compare Mr. Haweis's account with Gen. Badeau's article in the New York "Sun" upon English court etiquette:

"The queen," he says, "and not the Prince of Wales, is at the center of the line; next are the ladies of her family, and then the heir-apparent and his brothers, or any royal strangers. Her majesty wears a black gown and a widow's cap. Over the cap is usually placed a small diamond crown, while the ribbon of the Garter and similar orders are on her breast, as well as the Koh-i-noor and other jewels worthy of a queen. The Princess of Wales and the other princesses are in full dress —petticoats, trains, feathers, and all. Behind them stand their attendants, "male and female," as the court circular sometimes disdainfully describes them. When the diplomatic corps has made its reverences and taken its place, the English ladies follow, and as each enters the throne-room with her train over her arm, two gentlemen in waiting deftly seize the appendage and spread it behind her, till it hangs like a peacock's drooping tail. Then the lady, handing her card to a lord in waiting, passes up toward the lord chamberlain, and stands till he pronounces her name. Upon hearing it she prostrates herself before the queen so that one knee nearly or quite touches the floor. If it is a presentation, her majesty extends her hand with the back upward, and the neophyte, placing her own hand transversely under that of the sovereign, raises the royal extremity to her lips. When the lady is of the rank of an earl's daughter the queen bends slightly forward to kiss the cheek of her subject, and the homage is complete; but there have been occasions when the novice was insufficiently instructed in advance and kisses the monarch in return, very much to the disgust of her majesty, and the horror-struck amazement of the courtiers. After the obeisance to the queen, another must be made to every one in the royal circle in turn, the depth of the courtesy being graduated according to the rank of the personage; and as the last prostration is performed, and the subject raises to her natural position in life again, two other watchful lords or gentlemen, as skillful as the first, catch up her train and throw it once more over the lady's arm, and she slowly stumbles backward out of the room, having been at court."

A RIDE IN A RICKSHAW.

It is said that the Anglo-mania which prevails in the fashionable circles of America is giving place to a new craze which consists in the admiration and adoption of all things Japanese and Chinese. In a few months we may see upon Fifth Avenue the curious vehicles which are described in the "Cornhill Magazine:"

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo-shaded high-road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard-plaited pigtails—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demoniacal-looking wretches—to call whom "brethren" is, indeed, a heavy demand on our charity—throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with their passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk, or a shuffle, or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant, nor perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble cony in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a half-penny, They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.

The first sensations at being conveyed in a rickshaw are those of mingled amusement and shame. One likens one's self to a drunken masquerader or to an unostentatious buffoon. Then habit begets indifference. Dignitaries of the church, dignitaries of the government, dignitaries of the law, soldiers, sailors, and even the well-to-do Chinese, all have recourse to them; and the sergeant in his rickshaw salutes the colonel in *his* rickshaw with precisely the same gravity as though both were on parade. Perhaps the full absurdity can be best realized by considering what would be the effect produced were the Dean of Westminster to be trundled in a wheel-barrow down Piccadilly by a dirty, ragged little London Arab.

A NIECE OF "CHEERYBLE BROTHERS."

"Cheeryble" is a name which every lover of Dickens will remember with pleasure. The mere sound of it makes one feel more generous toward his fellows. A current newspaper scrap refers to an American relative of the famous brothers:

American imitators of Englishmen can hardly hope to equal the fifty families who form the population of Greenwich, Va., for they are all from England, and they maintain their native manners. One resident is a niece of Dickens's Cheeryble Brothers, and she has an annuity of their giving.

THE YANKEE LANGUAGE.

Anglo-mania, the absurd frame of mind which leads some Americans to copy the styles and even the drawlings and lispings of the English snob, has, it seems, its counterpart in England. Critics have asserted that our speech was purer than that of the mother country, and the new fashion to which the "Sun" refers may result in the reformation of our mother-tongue:

Yankee accent and inflection have come into fashion among the London aristocrats. It is a freak that may and may not last. An acquaintance of Lord Dunraven attributes to him the Americanized talk of his particular set, and the Marquis of Lorne and Earl Dufferin, aided by their wives, are supposed to have taken back from Canada an American manner of utterance. These examples could not fail to be potent in London, and the novelty seems to have proved captivating.

This spirit of imitation is abroad in the world. They are just having a touch of it in France, where it appears under another guise. The Parisian papers speak of the spread of Spanish customs and manners in the French capital. Even the waiters in the *cafés* endeavor to learn the Spanish language, while the dress of the Castilians is having a marked effect upon the styles at Paris.

$.

There are many explanations of the sign which stands for the word dollars. One story is that the monogram U. S.—for United States—became $ when the lower part of the U was erased. The "Boston Journal" gives another derivation. The Spanish dollars were once very common in this country, and may still be found in any good collection of silver coins:

The origin of the sign "$" for the American dollar is accounted for in this way: The American dollar is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. On the reverse side of a Spanish dollar is a presentation of the pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, "Plus ultra." This device, in the course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars—$. The scroll round the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The old darky's illustration would not stand the test of rhetoric, since it was evidently invented for the occasion, but if the "Pittsburg Chronicle" has reported the story correctly the moral was of the right sort.

Said the old man:

"Mind me, my bredern an' my sistern, of a nannecote I wonce heerd when I was nigh about a pickanniny. Dar was a sho't ho'n kalf a ram-'ling ob hisself down a shady lane, when wot should we see but Mr. Snaik a lying on de ground wid a big rock on his hed. Says Mr. Kalf, 'Wot's de matter ob you?' Says Mr. Snaik: 'Please, Mr. Kalf, to take dis stone offen my hed.' 'Dunno,' says Mr. Kalf. ''Spec' you'll bite me.' ''Deed, no,' says Mr. Snaik; 'you take de stone off, an' fo' de Lo'd I'll nebber bite you.' So Mr. Kalf he knocked de stone offen Mr. Snaik's head. 'Which way you gwine, Mr. Kalf,' says Mr. Snaik. 'Down dis way,' said Mr. Kalf. So dey started off togedder. Bime-by Mr. Snaik say: 'Mr. Kalf, guess I'll bite you.' 'Why,' said Mr. Kalf, 'you said you wouldn't bite me if I turned you loose.' 'I know dat,' says Mr. Snaik, 'but I kaint help it; it's my nature.' 'Well,' says Mr. Kalf, 'we'll leave dat queschun to de fust niggah we meet.' Well, de fust niggah dey met was a fox. 'Mr. Fox,' says Mr. Kalf, 'I tuk a stone offen Mr. Snaik's hed a while back, an' he promised he wouldn't bite me. An' now he wants to bite anyhow.' 'Well,' says Mr. Fox, 'de only way dat I can arborate de matter is to see de 'rig'nal persishuns of de parties.' So dey went back an' Mr. Snaik laid hisself down, and Mr. Kalf put de stone on his hed. 'Now,' says Mr. Fox, 'dat am de 'rig'nal persishuns ob de 'sputants, am it?' Dey boff said it was. 'Well,' sed Mr. Fox, 'Mr. Kalf, you just go 'bout yo' bis-'ness an' Mr. Snaik wont bite you.' Dassit, my bredern, dassit. You mus' put de stone on de head an' gwine about yo' bis'ness, an' de snaik wont bite you."

WHO ARE YOU?

An amusing anecdote is told of Mr. Arkell, a young Albany journalist noted for his self-confidence, who made himself prominent in connection with the arrangements for the funeral of General Grant:

Among the distinguished men who assembled at Mount M'Gregor to honor the soldier's memory was Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, that courtly warrior who adds to his military fame the glories of a presidential campaign. The dignified general had charge of the military features of the occasion, and at every turn he was confronted with the name of the busy Arkell, who was totally unknown to him. In his perplexity he appealed to a young man upon the veranda of the hotel.

"Can you tell me, sir, who this fellow Arkell is?"

"Yes, *I'm* Mr. Arkell," said the young man, surveying the well-known face of the general, "Who are *you?*"

EMANCIPATED BY AN OYSTER.

The most famous of the acts of the late Russian czar was the emancipation of the serfs, or slaves, in his dominions. Before the proclamation of freedom it was possible for the serf to purchase his liberty. The London "Life" relates a curious story of such a transaction, which reads like a fairy tale:

Among the wealthiest bankers of Russia are the noble members of the house of Schalouchine. A couple of generations ago their ancestor was a serf, owned by one Count Scheremetef. By dint of great industry this serf amassed an enormous fortune. All his efforts to purchase his freedom, however, were of no avail, and offers as high as $250,000 were scornfully rejected by his master, who seemed actually to enjoy the torture he inflicted on his millionaire slave, who could neither bequeath his fortune to his children nor otherwise benefit them without the consent of his lord. It happened one day that the count had invited several friends to a dinner party, and when his caterer laid before him the menu for inspection he was aghast to find that oysters did not figure upon it. In answer to his indignant remonstrances, that functionary assured him that oysters were not to be had at any price. At the height of the angry scene, which was continued even in the presence of the guests, Schalouchine was announced, and in order to vent his wrath on the unfortunate serf, the count shouted out:

"Show the slave in. What do you want, dog? If you want your freedom, I tell you I will never grant it. I care not for any offer you may make—no, not for a million rubles. A few dozen oysters at this moment would be worth more to me."

"Do I understand my lord," asked the serf, "that you would grant me my freedom if I procure them for you?"

"Yes," replied the count, much to the amusement of his guests.

As it happened, Schalouchine had brought a barrel of oysters with him as a gift to his master, knowing of the great dinner party. They were brought in; the deed of freedom was immediately signed; and the count, addressing his former slave with the utmost courtesy, said:

"Sir, may I invite you to join us?"

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

WE continue our character sketches of young people for young people. This time we introduce a school-girl who is now at home again. She was away for a long time—at preparatory school—at college. She went through a full course. Even when at home attending high-school Mary might almost as well have been away. Her studies were so numerous, her lessons so long, her teachers so exacting, her standards so high, her ambitions so strong, every thing was absorbed in school life. It was school, school, school—all the time. When she went away to the seminary to prepare for the college one of her sisters said, "Mary is not much more away now than she has always been." School life, even though the student be at home, is often such engrossing work that young people lose home influence while yet at home. And this is an unfortunate thing.

THERE is an education which every girl needs—and every boy too—which no school can give, and which is more important than the education that the school does give. It is an education in things of life—every-day life—things practical and "common"—pertaining to habits and manners and ways of speaking, and of answering when spoken to, and of helping and smoothing things down and brightening things up; an education for parlor life, and dining-room life, and bedroom life, and kitchen life; an education in burden-bearing and errand-going; an education in tones of voice and in managing the facial nerves and in governing the temper. Well, there are many things Mary ought to have learned before going to school and practiced at home while going to school. It would have given her a better start and made her great parchment diploma worth so much more.

MARY is at home now—she and her diploma. If all the things which the diploma says in Latin about Mary are true in English, she is a remarkable girl. And she is. She knows a great deal of history. The outlines of it are in her mind, and the filling up. She knows the men and women who made the history of the world, and can tell you when and where and how they lived and what they did. She has fine powers of analysis in the study of character. Her biographical studies and acquirements alone would make her a rare companion and an exceedingly rare teacher. She has insight into motive, and has always been a grateful admirer of George Eliot, because of the aid the great novelist has rendered her in her researches into the most hidden thoughts and impulses and dominating forces of the human soul. When Mary talks about Cæsar and Cromwell and Lincoln she does not linger among the most obvious phenomena of their lives—where they were born and when, who educated them and how, what they became and what they did, and when they died. She penetrates into the hereditary forces and the influence of the age, and the pressure of immediate circumstances; the balance of personal powers, the ruling motive in each case, and influential motives which might have been sufficient to produce other and widely different results but for that all-dominating motive which made each man what he was rather than that possible other. It is positively delightful to hear Mary talk on such topics. She seems wise beyond her years. And the investigation of ordinary people of her acquaintance, by the tests which she applies to the extraordinary people of history, is sometimes as comical as it is wonderful. College did a deal for Mary.

MARY'S tastes are delicate and accurate. In literature she has studied the best standards, until her own thought puts on the fine, flexible, and elegant expression of her models. She detects infelicities with an artist's insight. Thought, in her case, stands no "beggar at the door of speech." She has the gift of language. She has so long read and loved what the masters have spoken and written that she herself has gained mastery over tongue and pen. In the fine arts Mary is well trained. She is gifted rather than trained, although her education has developed the gifts. She is a judge of music, and handles the piano with skill and power. She revels in the operas and oratorios, and goes into rhapsodies over Beethoven and Bach and Wagner. Nor is it all affectation with Mary. She is all that she professes. In painting and sculpture she has the critical and cultivated eye. She has read much, seen much, practiced much, talked and written much, and her judgment in these lines is consulted and respected by her seniors. She is a versatile girl. Mary can be almost any thing she wants to be. She could be a writer and command a price. She could give lectures on literature, art, and music. She could teach almost any thing anywhere. Money has been spent upon her. She had the faculties to begin with, and she has improved them faithfully. She shines in society. Men admire her. Some women envy her. When the glow of achievement is on Mary's face in the parlor after the song has been sung, the musical selection played, the fine passage from Shakespeare or Robert Browning recited, or while the brilliant discussion is going on, Mary's mother is proud of her. She looks into the girl's fine, illuminated face and says to herself, "Mary *is* a wonderful girl!"

MOTHER thinks another thought. She thinks it but does not speak it. She does not, however, wholly succeed in suppressing the sigh that grows out of the thought. Why should Mary's mother sigh at thought of Mary? Sure enough, why? Because she knows Mary. She sees both sides of her—the society side and the home side—the matter-of-fact every-day side. She sees through the fine show into the secret soul. She knows what she dare not tell. She does not want to tell it. She wishes she did not know it. She wishes that what she knows were unreal, so that she could not know it. In fact, for we might as well out with it, Mary is an incarnation of refined selfishness. Mary is polished marble. She is selfish—a selfish scholar, a selfish artist, a selfish critic, a selfish talker. She is a product of the one-sided education which looks only at the intellect and neglects the heart and conscience. She has no sympathy with the children at home. They jumped for joy when they knew she was coming home

from school. She froze their joy within twenty-four hours by her want of interest in their simple pleasures and by her sharp rebuke of their "noise." She is "proud" of her father when he is dressed for society, and thinks her mother "looks pretty well" when ready for church—but that is all. Father might come home with aching head, with anxiety over some business matter, but she must practice her new sonata whether it is agreeable to aching heads or not. Mother is sometimes very tired—*very* tired, caring for children, carrying on kitchen work, superintending the sewing woman, preserving fruits, and a pair of hands could relieve her so much. But Mary has Crawford's or James's new novel and doesn't want to be disturbed, and wishes "the children would be quiet" and thinks —and says—"What a nuisance babies are, anyhow!" For folks at home Mary has no smiles, no sympathy, no help. For society she has time and suavity, song and talk, inexhaustible resources and unwearying patience. No wonder mother sighed.

Alas for those who, having a right to love, receive—indifference; who, reaching out to find a heart, grasp—a stone; who, having made sacrifices all their lives through love, expect some slight return, and for return reap scorn! Alas for the mother whose sons and daughters are insensible to her devotion and to the service and self-abnegation by which they enjoy the brightest and best things that come into their lives! If there be one thing in this world more cruel than another, it is the ingratitude of a child on whom love has been lavished without stint, and who has turned all advantage into self-gratification.

Mary needs more schooling. She should take a post-graduate course. The sooner she registers and begins the better. She needs to learn what a mean thing selfishness is, and to look upon it with loathing. She needs to see that culture of the intellect and of the "tastes" is a very small part of education, and that without tenderness and the spirit of self-sacrifice and of helpfulness, it is not only useless but is a curse to those who have it. She needs a course in kitchen work and nursery sympathy and sitting-room manners. She needs to know how to spell the words "gratitude," and "honesty," and "patience;" and how to pronounce the words "father," "mother," "brother," and "sister," so that there shall be heart in the sound; and how to read the words of the Lord Jesus, "Take up thy cross and follow me;" and how to sing,

"Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love."

What pictures she could then paint! What a light would then shine in her face! And mother looking on could say, and without a sigh, "Mary is a wonderful girl."

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Lesson for February 7, 1886. The Fiery Furnace.—Dan. 3. 16–28. Golden Text.—Dan. 3. 17.

The story of the fiery furnace is not an easy one to believe as literally true by one who hesitates to accept miracles. But even if it could be proved that it is not a true history, but merely an allegory, the great lessons in it are so true that fire cannot destroy them. They are so true to the great facts of human nature, divine providence, and saving grace that their reality rises above all questions of literal accuracy.

Courage may be so vital and vigorous that nothing can weaken it. It stands through every thing. Moth cannot consume it, rust corrode it, weight crush it, danger alarm it, floods overwhelm it, nor fires destroy it. It defies the king, and walks into a roaring furnace as into a royal garden. Flames are flowers. It finds that beds of blazing coals may be as streets of gold in the midst of the city of life. Is it a fiction? No, it is a fact. Is it poetry? No, it is reality. See Luther. See Paul. See Christ.

False zeal and base malice may set up furnaces and kindle furious fires and hurl brave souls into them. They do it to this day. These furnaces may be in parlors where looks of scorn and taunts and hissings and the laughter of worldlings "make it hot" for conscientiousness and consistency. Shops where people herd together for work, and where a "public sentiment" is created and piety and clean lips ridiculed, may be furnaces. There are furnaces of this kind in school-yards, in kitchens, in stores, and in all places of concourse. Blessed is the boy or girl who can go through safely with no singeing of garments or smell of fire.

God's providence sometimes sets up furnaces of affliction where pain pinches and stings the body; where vacant chairs and hungry love and dreadful silence torture the soul; where property goes and poverty comes; where fair fame is blighted, confidence abused, and affection spurned. In attics, cellars, solitary farm-houses, hospitals, and prisons the fires are kindled. Young people do not very often find the hottest fires. Sometimes they do. Later on they will. It is a great thing to have a hold on righteousness when the sorrow comes, and to learn lessons of trust and "in the hottest fires hold still."

Good company will lighten burdens, alleviate pain, increase courage, and render sorrow endurable. There is a personal power that covers a friend with protecting influence. Friend seeks friend in time of trouble; husband hurries to wife when she is in affliction; child calls for mother. And mother looks to God. Nor does she look in vain.

It is a great thing in temptation and in affliction to have as companion the "Son of God." He is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." There is a sense of invisible personal presence which we often feel. It is a fact of spiritual life. And what a blessed fact and possibility it is! We may come to realize it so that no doubt of it ever crosses the soul. "Consciousness" is a wonderful power. By it a man knows what goes on within himself. By it he knows that he knows. By it he himself sees himself and the processes which go on within himself—processes of thought, love, and purpose. There is such an interior recognizing power of invisible spiritual things by which a man sees without eyes. He "looks not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." He sees the Son of God within him—wooing, reproving, persuading, comforting, supporting. The fires burn, but the soul is not singed. The power of the flame is taken away. Spiritual reality neutralizes physical reality. It is a wonder of spiritual life, but it is no more wonderful than are the wonders of anæsthetic treatment in the sphere of physiology. The soul sustained by the "Son of man" may be calm in storms of fire and rejoice in tribulation. Indeed, pain loses its power and can no more be called pain. The victorious saint can sing,

"Labor is rest and pain is sweet,
If thou my Lord art there."

When the divine companionship gives a man power to resist temptations, to defy cruel decrees of kings, to go in peace over pathways of fire, the world sees it and wonders. They see the difference between men of faith and men of sense; between men of eternity and men of time; between men of the spirit and men of the flesh; between men who live for God and men who live for self.

Let our readers join the "band of the Hebrew heroes," who dared to face the King of Babylon and his furnace of fire, rather than sin against God. In America we need in our times the same strength and heroism. Shall we find it?

Bishop Warren recently preached a sermon on the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens," that had a pleasant practical effect. A well-known barbed wire fence manufacturer said to him after the sermon, "I like that text. You have helped me so much that I will help you bear your burdens by giving you $50,000 for the Denver University."

"To dō God's will—that's all
That need concern us; not to carp or ask
The meaning of it; but to ply our task
Whatever may befall."

Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw into your work such strength of muscle as God has given you.—*Carlyle.*

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.
Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.—*Whittier.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We commend the committing to memory of the following doctrinal syllabus. It contains the interpretation of the divine word concerning the way of salvation as held by Methodism. Let us put it on the tongue's end. Let us hide it in our hearts. Let us recite it often, ponder it much, and enjoy fully the blessings it assumes to be the privilege of every child of God. We call it "The Ten Points of Doctrine, as held by the Methodist Episcopal Church." They are as follows:

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

Why might not the "Apostles' Creed" and "The Ten Points of Doctrine" be recited as a part of the opening or closing exercises of every session of the Oxford League?

Here are three interesting extracts from John Wesley's "Journal:"

Saturday, April 1, 1738.—Being at Mr. Fox's society, my heart was so full that I could not confine myself to the forms of prayer which we were accustomed to use there. Neither do I purpose to be confined to them any more; but to pray indifferently, with a form or without, as I may find suitable to particular occasions.

Friday, Aug. 12, 1748.—In riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his pagan prejudices!

Wednesday, April 12, 1749.—In this journey I read over Statius's "Thebaïs." I wonder one man should write so well and so ill. Sometimes he is scarce inferior to Virgil; sometimes as low as the dullest parts of Ovid.

An "Oxford League" has been organized in the *North Manchester* (Conn.) Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. W. H. Turkington, pastor. Fifteen members.

The "Central" Church, of *Cleveland, O.*, Rev. Dr. D. H. Muller, pastor, has a flourishing League. Any one who knows Dr. Muller and his long experience in Lyceum work might have been sure in advance that he would push the League with his might. A report of the organization has reached us. W. H. Matthews, Esq., is *President*, Miss Cora Broughton *Vice-President*, Mrs. T. M. Eynon *Secretary*, Mr. Frank Hester *Librarian;* Charles F. Morgan, Esq., is *Chairman* of the Scriptural Department, and E. C. Pope, Esq., of the Historical. The programme for the Central League Meeting on Dec. 22, 1885, was as follows:

Part First. 1. Hymn. 2. Prayer. 3. Secretary's report. 4. Three-minute Scripture Reviews—Matt. 25. 1–31, Miss Jenny Cory; Matt. 26. 1–36, Miss Mollie Muller; Matt. 27, Mr. Frank Hester. 5. Talk, "The Pilgrim Fathers," Rev. H. C. Hayden, D.D. 6. Hymn, "America."

Part Second. 1. Reading, "Lillie Rockett's Christmas," Miss Bertha Oriatt. 2. Three-minute Reviews of Our Own Church Series: No. One, The Holy Catholic Church, Mrs. C. F. Morgan; No. Two, The Antiquity of Methodism, Mr. A. I. Truesdell; No. Three, Our Settled Itinerancy, Mr. W. M. Woodruff. 3. Providential Development of Methodism, Mrs. M. C. Hickman. 4. Doxology. 5. Benediction.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

The Simile.

In pursuance of the plan mentioned in our last issue, we shall this week discuss the simplest and most natural figure of speech, the simile.

As its name indicates, the simile is based upon a similarity or likeness. Language is inadequate to describe the multitude of things which men observe, and the simile is a most useful aid in many an emergency.

For example, suppose that a man during a hunting expedition meets an animal with which he is perfectly unacquainted, and on his return wishes to describe what he has seen. Two courses are open to him. He may enter into a minute description of size, color, shape, etc., or, he may compare the strange animal with other well-known creatures. In the vast majority of cases, the man will adopt the latter plan. He will say that the body was like that of a certain animal, the head resembled that of another, and so on, calling up to the minds of his hearers familiar images, and from these taking such material as he needs to form an image of the new animal. The value of the simile for saving time and for giving clear ideas is very great. There are hundreds of objects—horse, dog, cow, house, etc., etc., which may be brought before the mind by the mere mention of their names. The simile consists in using this acquired material which each one has at command. For instance, to say that an animal resembles a horse gives the learner an idea more quickly and clearly than any minute description of legs, body, head, etc., could convey. All these details are called up at once by the word "horse."

A simile is always introduced by some word of comparison, *like, as*, etc.:

"I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys to swim on bladders,
This many summers on a sea of glory."

"*As*, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow, *so*, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry."

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth *as* the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath."

In humorous writing the simile is often employed to advantage. A comparison between two things perfectly incongruous, yet having enough in common to form a resemblance, is sometimes most amusing. The lines from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Oysterman" are often quoted in illustration of this point:

"The hair hung down her pallid cheek,
Like sea-weed on a clam."

The saying of the late Josh Billings, which we quoted a few weeks ago in "Jest and Youthful Jollity," is an excellent example of the humorous simile:

"Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallered."

We have explained the character of the simile, which is by no means a complex figure of speech, and we need do no more than repeat the warning which we gave last week. Do not let an attractive simile take such possession of you that your aim becomes the display and development of the figure rather than the forcible expression of your idea. Remember that a simile which in a general way is appropriate may become absurd if the comparison is carried too far. "Life may be," if you will, "like the ocean" (it has been in many a school composition before now); sorrow and care may be like billows, tossing the sin-sick (sea-sick?) soul; happiness and joy may, like sparkling foam, crest the waves, and so on, but before your comparison is finished some one will be sure to find an element of the ridiculous. In the use of the simile, as in many other things, true art consists in recognizing an appropriate resemblance, and then in knowing just how far to carry it. Some of the other dangers of the simile we shall discuss next week under the head of the metaphor and "mixed figures."

In the School at Home of December 5, 1885, we mentioned the fact that the English language is spreading rapidly, and referred to the theory of some linguists, that the English tongue will become universal.

Dr. Max Müller, the great German scholar, thinks that many alphabets will be, as he expresses it, "improved away from the face of the earth," and hopes that five or six great languages will absorb all the rest. The languages he thinks should be the Italian, French, Spanish, German, English.

Prof. T. W. Hunt, in the New York "Independent," has an interesting account of an estimate which gives the speakers of English no cause for immediate alarm:

"Axon, in his 'Future of the English Language,' and De Candolle in his 'History of the Sciences,' have furnished facts by which Müller's position may be tested and the prospects of English assured. After first showing the number now speaking respectively the five languages mentioned, and showing the number of years in which these five nations respectively double their populations, the estimate is made of the exact number of persons who, at the close of the next two centuries, will speak the respective languages.

"The result is as follows: Italian, 53,370,000; French, 72,571,000; German, 157,480,000; Spanish, 505,286,000; English, 1,837,286,153. We reach here, in round numbers, 2,000,000,000 of people speaking the English language at the close of the next 200 years. This is substantially the ratio of increase accepted by Gladstone as mathematically assured, and quite enough to confirm the statement that the vernacular has no dangerous rival in the line of leadership and possible universality. Mr. Cook's recent estimate as to the 400,000,000 that would probably speak English in America at the close of the next century is reached by the same series of ratios. If, in addition to this numerical supremacy, it is remembered that the English nations are, as yet, the historic exponents of Protestantism and popular rights, such a picture of the ever-widening prevalence of the language is full of hope to the race. It is at present clearly manifest that to the English speech in its more popular expression there would seem to be given in trust the educational and ethical

rule of the world. Nothing seems to remain but that this trust shall be accepted and applied in the spirit and to the ends designed by Providence; that the English-speaking people behind the English language shall prove themselves in all respects worthy of so solemn and precious a heritage. The future of the English language depends on the future of the English people."

TEN WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Ab-dō'men—*not* ab'do-men.	I'ō-wa—ī'ō-wa, *not* ī-ō'wa.
Brŏn-chī'tis—(kī), *not* bron-kee'tis.	Tō'ward—tō'ard, *not* tō-ward'.
Heärth—härth, *not* herth.	Us'age—ūz'age, *not* ūce'age.
Hei'nous—hā'nŭs, *not* hē'nus.	Wan—wän, as in *wander*.
In-stead'—in-stĕd', *not* in-stĭd'.	Wharf—whŏrf, *not* wŏrf.

A SUBSCRIBER calls our attention to the fact that in our spelling lesson on page 93, No. 6, of OUR YOUTH, the words *seneschals* and *mignonette* are given incorrectly. We are indebted to our correspondent for two reasons: first, because the criticism enables us to correct a blunder that might have been overlooked in a second edition, and, second, because this circumstance gives us an excellent opportunity to invite all our subscribers to send us questions or criticisms. We shall be very glad to answer as far as it is in our power any questions that may be sent to us, and if any one differs from us in any of our views we shall be ready at any time to answer honest criticism in the same spirit in which it is made.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

HOCKEY.

HOCKEY, polo, and "shinny" are three names for the same game, and serve to indicate the place of play. Hockey is played on the ice, polo in a rink, and "shinny" on the street or in an empty lot.

Hockey is by far the best form of this game. The air is invigorating, the skating accurate and noiseless, save for the crisp cutting of the sharp steel, and the surface of the ice is a perfect place for driving the ball.

The implements of the game are simple. Each player is provided with a "stick," which is bent at one end, so that a considerable surface of the ice may be swept by a single blow.

The ball is a heavy, solid sphere of India-rubber. In a regular game there are twelve players on each side. The goals are composed of two poles placed about five feet apart at each end of the surface selected for play.

It is, of course, the aim of each side to send the ball between their opponents' goal-posts.

The game is begun as follows: The ball is laid in the center of the surface and two players from the rival teams place their "sticks" on opposite sides of the ball. At the word "Play!" from the referee, a "scrimmage" takes place as each of the players tries to get the ball away from his opponent. One finally succeeds in securing the ball, and he gives it a long drive toward the goal of the other side. Another stops it and sends it back. Now the play has begun in earnest. The "rushers" of both sides are close on the ball, raining quick blows with their "sticks," in an exciting "scrimmage." At last one player gets the coveted bit of rubber, and, pushing it before him with short drives, he dashes toward the hostile goal, which is protected by a couple of players. One of his own side, however, is waiting for him. He hears the clash of skates behind him; the "rushers" are close upon him. He sends the ball gently to his comrade, who gives it a hard drive straight for the guarded goal. The goal-keeper is ready, and with a quick movement of the "stick" the ball is turned aside and the danger averted.

Hockey is an exciting, wholesome game, and adds greatly to the pleasure of an afternoon's skating. There are one or two points to be noticed in playing. The goal should always be well guarded, and two or three of the coolest heads and surest "drivers" should be stationed near the opponent's goal, to "try for goal" when the "rushers" bring up the ball. It is to be kept in mind that the "sticks" are implements of play, not weapons, and that hot tempers are to be controlled in hockey as in any other gentlemen's game.

SOAP-BUBBLE PARTIES.

IN an attempt to provide some new form of evening amusement, people are often compelled to go back to something very old. This is notably true in the case of the *soap-bubble party*. We are going back to the early days of childhood, when it was a delight to sit on the door-step and create beautiful worlds of soap and water, from the bowl of an old pipe.

The new form of this amusement is not very different from the old. The hostess provides a number of clay pipes, and in the center of the table about which the company gathers is placed a bowl of soap-suds.

There is a rivalry in making the soap-bubbles, and a decorated clay pipe is given to each who excels in any one thing, whether it be in making the largest, longest, or most lasting bubble, or in sending the largest number to the ceiling.

By connecting a pipe-stem with a gas-bracket by means of a rubber tube, bubbles may be filled with gas, and afterward ignited by applying a taper. While this description may be wanting in definiteness, we simply ask our readers to sit down about the bowl, pipe in hand, and we promise them an hour of amusement and real pleasure.

WHILE we cannot recommend the following "tricks" as either new or brilliant, we print them because now and then a "catch" of this kind causes some little merriment on the part of the young people at father, mother, or uncle's expense.

Can you place a newspaper on the floor in such a way that two persons can stand upon it and not be able to touch one another with their hands? Answer: Yes; by putting the paper in a door-way, one half inside and the other half outside of the room, and closing the door over it, two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

Can you put one of your hands where the other cannot touch it? Easily; by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

Can you place a pencil on the floor in such a way that no one can jump over it? Yes, if I place it close enough to the wall of the room.

Can you push a chair through a finger ring? Yes; by putting a ring on the finger and pushing the chair with the finger.

You can put yourself through a key-hole by taking a piece of paper with the words "yourself" written upon it and pushing it through the hole.

You can ask a question that no one can answer with a "no," by saying, "What does y-e-s spell?"

You can go out of the room with two legs and return with six, by bringing along a chair with you.—*Prairie Farmer.*

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE sugar-plum which Bismarck put on the tip of the pope's tongue in the matter of the Caroline Islands pleases the befrocked old bachelor of the Vatican and his followers just as much as though Bismarck had been in earnest. It was a taste of the old times when the pope did have some real temporal power outside the Vatican.

BISHOP TAYLOR is at work in Africa. He is planting colonies and churches. A letter from him, published in an "Extra" of "The Christian Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness," makes most entertaining reading. We shall republish portions of it for the benefit of our young readers, and to give them an interest in our African work. Bishop Taylor is organizing "self-supporting missions." To do this he needs, so says the "Witness," "fifty thousand dollars for the next eighteen months." Why doesn't the Missionary Board give it to him?

OF all the devices for increasing the Sunday-school library, that employed for the past year by the First Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday-school, of Rochester, N. Y., deserves the highest praise. The superintendent, E. Occumpaugh, Esq., a year ago proposed that a new book be added every two weeks during the year 1885, the gift of some class or individual connected with the school. The books thus donated were submitted to a committee consisting of the pastor, superintendent, and one other person, and, when accepted, were duly recorded on the library list. During the year 1885 thirty-one new books were thus added to the library. For the year 1886 it is proposed that a class or individual donate a book every week. Already fifty-three pledges have been made.

IN the same church the plan of a monthly missionary collection, with monthly missionary exercises (occupying from eight to twelve minutes), was adopted, one class being responsible for the missionary work of a given Sunday. The scheme was announced in advance. For example, in *May* the subject of "South America" was presented in brief statements, with readings by the teacher and members of the class; in *June*, "Italy and the Bulgarians;" in *July*, "Germany and Switzerland;" in *August*, "Scandinavia;" in *September*, "Africa;" in *October*, "Mexico;" in *November*, "China;" in *December*, "Japan." In this way a large amount of information is condensed into small compass and communicated to the school.

"IT is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing.

"It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that men think ill or inadequately; and this, although we do and intend well.

"These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vainglory: for then we are more inclined to seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be contemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

"Some are kept from great temptations, and in small ones which do daily occur are often overcome; to the end that, being humbled, they may never presume on themselves in great matters, while they are worsted in so small things."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

The Egyptian Soudan.

THREE years ago the possessions of Egypt extended to the equator. This vast region, south of Assouan, containing 1,000,000 square

miles and 11,000,000 inhabitants, is the Soudan. Our map presents only the scene of the recent campaigns.

From the time of the Egyptian conquest in 1819 until now the Soudan has had little peace. The exactions and misgovernment of the conquerors crushed all forms of commerce, except the slave-trade. Occasional attempts have been made to put down this business of man-stealing. Two Englishmen, Sir Samuel Baker (1870–1874) and Colonel Gordon (1874–1879), governed the country for the Khedive of Egypt and brought about comparative prosperity. But worse disorder broke out soon after Gordon's departure in 1879. Two years later Mohammed Ahmed appeared. The son of a Dongola carpenter, he proclaimed himself "El-Mahdi," the long-expected messiah of the Mohammedan faith. With an army of the common people, who flocked to his banner, he annihilated the miserable troops of the Egyptians (1883), and threatened the strongholds in the Nile valley and on the coast of the Red Sea. The English government persuaded the Khedive to give up the Soudan, and Colonel Gordon, the former governor, was sent to arrange for the safe removal of the troops and property of Egypt which remained in the Upper Nile region. He reached Khartoum, Feb. 18, 1884, but his efforts to pacify the excited people failed, and he found himself shut up in the town by the rebel troops. Meanwhile a second Egyptian army was cut to pieces near Suakin by El-Mahdi's lieutenant, Osman Digna, who was defeated in turn by the English troops of General Graham March 13, 1884. Urgent appeals for help came from Khartoum, where Gordon seemed to have been left to his fate. At last the British government acted. But the relief came too late. Khartoum had fallen Jan. 26, 1885, and the gallant soldier who had defended it for 317 days was dead.

The forces withdrew and left the valley from Wady Halfa southward in the hands of the rebels. El-Mahdi and the fierce Osman died before they could attack Lower Egypt, but a new leader, Caliph Abdulla, has assumed command and threatens the English out-posts near Wady Halfa and at Suakin.

A few sentences are quoted from Dr. H. M. Field's "From Egypt to Japan," to describe the men who make up the insurgent army:

It is easy to find specimens of Arab character which engage our interest and compel our respect. One cannot look at these men without admiring their physique. They remind me much of our American Indians. Like them they are indolent unless goaded to work by necessity, and find nothing so pleasant as to sit idly in the sun. But when they stand up they have an attitude as erect as any Indian chief, and a natural dignity which is the badge of their race. Many a man who has but a single garment to cover him will wrap it about him as proudly as any Spanish cavalier would toss his cloak over his shoulders, and stalk away with a bold free stride as if, in spite of centuries of humiliation, he were still the untamed lord of the desert.

The Expulsion of the Poles.

BY an order which went into effect Oct. 1, 1885, the alien Poles of Prussia were expelled from the kingdom. These people are natives of Russian and Austrian Poland, who settled in the neighboring Prussian territory without becoming German citizens. By the laws of the German Empire every subject capable of bearing arms is required to serve seven years in the standing army. This duty the Poles escaped by refusing to become naturalized, and the Prussian government decided that they should no longer enjoy the advantages of a citizenship whose burdens they would not share.

The expulsion of the Poles was accompanied by great loss and suffering. Many of them were old and poor, and had lived long in their adopted country; but the order was enforced against all alike. Whole families re-entered their native land homeless and penniless. Committees were formed in the cities of Russian Poland to relieve their distressed countrymen. In Austrian Poland the action of Prussia provoked an intense feeling of hostility to Germany. German shop-keepers were boycotted and German laborers dismissed. The Russian Czar issued a decree commanding all unnaturalized Prussians to leave his dominions at once.

Even in Germany the action of Prussia was considered harsh. No sooner had the Imperial Parliament (*Reichstag*) assembled than this question of the treatment of the Poles came up. Thereupon Prince Bismarck, who is both Chancellor of the German Empire and Premier of the Kingdom of Prussia, bluntly informed the delegates that they had no right to interfere in a matter which concerned Prussia alone, and was not of national importance. The Poles themselves denounced the Prussian order as worthy of a place beside such cruelties as the persecution of the French Huguenots and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

The British Parliament.

PARLIAMENT was formally opened January 21, by Queen Victoria in person, in the presence of a brilliant assembly. The Lords and Commons met in the House of Lords to listen to the speech from the throne, which was to outline the policy of the government. The Lord Chancellor read the speech in the queen's name.

After a brief review of the friendly foreign relations of England, and a word of sympathy for her subjects who suffer from the depressed condition of trade and agriculture, the queen took up the Irish Question:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:

I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since I last addressed you, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the legislative union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be heartily supported by my Parliament and my people.

She regretted the prevalence of disorder and intimidation in Ireland, and had confidence in the willingness of Parliament to take strong measures "to cope with these growing evils."

Reform in the methods of county government was announced, and, after recommending legislation upon a few minor points, the queen closed with the words:

In these and all other matters pertaining to your high functions I earnestly commend you to the keeping and guidance of Almighty God.

Lord Salisbury, the Premier, told the Lords that the union with Ireland must be preserved. Mr. Gladstone, the leader of the opposition, assured the Commons that the union should not be dissolved, but begged them to treat the Irish Question with candor and justice. Mr. Parnell said that he wanted self-government for Ireland, and did not seek to break up the empire. Home Rule would not endanger the Irish Protestants, but would settle the rent question, which was at the root of all the trouble. Lord Randolph Churchill announced that the present Conservative Cabinet (of which he is an influential member) would never sanction an Irish Parliament. There the debate closed.

English comments upon the utterances of the leaders state that an alliance of the Parnellites and the Liberals against the Conservatives is probable, and that the government, if defeated, will not resign, but will dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country in a new election, relying for support upon the English opposition to Irish Home Rule.

Several years had passed since the queen honored Parliament with her presence, and her re-appearance in London aroused much curiosity. The dispatches tell us that she is short and stout, with a round face and a florid complexion. She occupied the throne in the House of Lords, the Prince of Wales and Lord Salisbury standing at her side, surrounded by evidences of a power greater than those which gladdened the eyes of Queen Elizabeth. In her sixty-seventh year Victoria may look back upon her reign of nearly half a century and see the realization of the words of Tennyson, in his early poem, "To the Queen:"

"May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good.

"'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

"'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

"'By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon the people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.'"

Pronunciation.

Ab-dul'la.
Ar'ab.
As-sou-ān'.
Aust'rī-a.
Bis'marck (Biz'-).
Czar (Tsar).
Dong-ō'la.
El-Māh'dī.
Hū'gue-nōt (-ge-).
Khar-toum' (-toom').
*Khe-dive' (-deev').
Lānd'tāg.
Mō-hăm'mĕd.
Os-mān' Dig'na.
Pō'land.
Prē'mī-er.
Prŭs'sia.
Reichs'tag (Rīkes'tāg).
Rŭs'sia.
Salis'bury (Sawlz'ber-e).
Sou-dān' (Soo-dān').
Su-ā'kin.
Wad'y Hāl'fa (Wŏd'-).

* *Not* Khe'dive, as in last number.

A Brief Survey.

The French Madagascar treaty was ratified Jan. 16. A French resident with a guard of soldiers will reside at the capital of the island.——King William opened the Prussian parliament (*Landtag*) Jan. 14.——The Powers have agreed to insist upon the disarmament of Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria. Montenegro has sent an agent to Constantinople to protest against the Roumelian union.——The Pope was so flattered by his selection as arbiter of the Carolines dispute that he has admitted Prince Bismarck to the Order of Christ, presenting him with a magnificent jeweled badge, which Bismarck accepted in a letter full of courtesy and respect.——It is reported that the Arabs are advancing upon Massowah, an Italian post on the Red Sea.——Sir John MacDonald, the Canadian premier has returned from England, where he has been advocating the organization of an all-English route to Asia by way of Canada and the new Pacific railroad.——The fund which is being subscribed in America to assist the Parnellite members of Parliament has reached $40,000.——The recent German

census shows a large increase of population. There are now twenty-one towns in the empire with more than 100,000 each. Five years ago there were but fifteen towns in this class.——The silver resolutions remain the subject of most of the debates in Congress. ——The miners and coke drawers in the Connellsville (Pa.) region have struck for an advance of wages. The strikers threatened the men who remained at work, and riots ensued in which several persons were killed.——A party is still digging for the entombed miners at Nanticoke, and a shaft is being sunk by means of a diamond drill at the spot where they are supposed to be buried.——An explosion of fire-damp took place Jan. 21 in a coal mine at Newburg (W. Va.), killing forty-one persons.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 5.—Books not having a religious tendency *should not* be admitted to the Sunday-school library, because:

First. Such books are not beneficial, and are sometimes positively injurious, to young minds. They lead away from, rather than up to, pure literature and moral thought.

Second. The placing of such books in Sunday-school libraries is unnecessary. The number of books that have a moral, if not a decidedly religious, tone is unlimited. Such books elevate, enlighten, strengthen, and purify the minds and hearts of the readers. Scholars welcome these books. Authors and publishers have made them interesting, attractive, and inviting.

Third. If furnished secular books by the Sunday-school, scholars will reason: "There can be no harm in my reading such books, because they are furnished by the Sunday-school." Thus licensed, they read all books that come within their reach that suit their taste. The Sunday-school thus opens the way for impure reading. O. M. G.

No. 6.—I see no reason why Sunday-school libraries should contain secular reading, when there are so many religious books which serve a better purpose. Crowd the religious literature to a remote part of the library and, in my opinion, you have made that much progress in banishing Christ from the Sunday-school. Secular reading may elevate the morals, but only religious literature will lead to Christ. Young scholars are just as easily influenced to read religious as secular literature. Older scholars will generally read, if they have no alternative, religious books, especially if they have a teacher who encourages them. We have other schools and libraries which furnish sufficient secular reading for the young which is just as important and elevating as any the Sunday-school might select. If confirmed readers of dime novels are influenced to attend Sunday-school, the same influence will be sufficient to persuade them to read religious books.

Riegelsville, Pa. F. R. C.

No. 7.—1. The library, like the Sunday-school itself, should be religious, not secular.

2. If, as is argued on the other side, the average scholar has no taste for religious reading, then, manifestly, the character of the library should not be conformed to his depraved taste, but rather the scholar's taste should be elevated. This can be done only by furnishing wholesome religious reading.

3. A scholar will read on Sunday any book gotten from the library. But he may reason, "If I may read a secular book why not a secular newspaper? If the latter, why not hear a secular lecture? and finally, why not be as secular on Sunday as on other days?"

4. Secular books like "Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby" are not uniformly "elevating and ennobling;" no book can be so which expressly or tacitly approves dancing, fighting, and beer-drinking. C. V. H.

No. 8.—First. We all know that books are among the things of greatest importance for the training and education of our youth, and should be very carefully selected that they may be of some definite benefit to the reader, for books that are read just for the sensation they give at the time are very injurious to the memory.

Second. The highest motive for which our Sabbath-schools are, or at least should be, laboring is to promote the cause of religion among the scholars, and to bend their tastes toward the study of the Bible and the truths that may result in their final salvation.

Now, with these ends in view I fail to see how they are to be accomplished by allowing the use of books that have not the tendency desired, but which tend to result in the depreciation of the word, if not in skepticism.

J. C. F.

No. 9.—The mission of the Church is to develop a complete manhood; therefore to preserve and train that which secular education neglects, the spiritual instincts of childhood—the power which conceives personality back of phenomena and afterward transforms this conception into the perception of faith, retaining thus the heaven of our infancy through life; a power which saw the Christ and sings "Hosanna," when secularists saw a man not fit to live and cried, "Crucify him."

Authors who studiously avoid Christian tendencies, and observe nature and law apart from the idea of God, promote malformation of character by their neglect of the higher faculties which respond to the power of the Invisible.

Other libraries supply secular needs. The Sunday-school should not miss its opportunity to supplement secular agencies, by impressing youth with the great truths of religion. Therefore, all its books, even on secular subjects, should be pervaded with a distinctively religious spirit.

The two debaters who have, in the opinion of the editor, best supported their respective sides upon the above question will be allowed 200 words each in the next number of OUR YOUTH in which to sum up.

Next Subject.

Resolved, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

Affirmative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before Feb.* 6 *or* 13; *negative arguments, before Feb.* 20 *or* 27, 1886.

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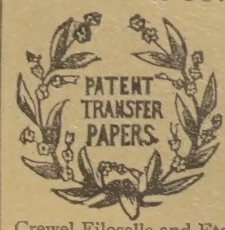

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
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—Sunday-school teacher—"Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling knowingly), you may tell us what it is."

Annie—"We've all got our winter hats."—*Exchange.*

—A young man in New Jersey, while at work on a straw-stack, bet that he could jump off and turn a triple somersault in reaching the ground. He won, but his parents deeply regretted that he didn't make the bet large enough to cover his funeral expenses.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—A California blacksmith is dangerously ill with glanders contracted while shoeing a horse; and a Pennsylvania woman is suffering from a sprained ankle contracted while "shooing" a hen. There seems to be a fatality about this shoeing business.—*Exchange.*

—The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" recently published the following communication from a correspondent: "I inclose a copy of an inscription in mediæval Latin from a stone discovered during the excavations now proceeding at Cork Hill, near which stood a church dedicated to a saint and missionary known to the chroniclers by the name of Uncatus Ambulans. The inscription is as follows:

"I 'SABILLI-HŒRES' AGO
'FORTIBUS ES IN. ARO
NOSCES 'MARI 'THEBE 'TRUX
'VOTIS 'INNEM . . . PES 'AN DUX.'"

Upon this the "Freeman's Journal" observes that, though not versed in antiquarian lore, it offers a translation which may suit all purposes. Here it is:

"I say, Billy, here's a go,
Forty 'busses in a row.
No, says Mary, they be trucks.
What is in 'em? Peas and Ducks."

—"Alphonso, tell me what four monarchs preceded William V.?"

Al. (better in arithmetic than in history)—"Willum the Fourth, Willum the Third, Willum the Second, Willum the First."—*Exchange.*

—A dude in one of the new cape coats has the general appearance of a perambulating pen-wiper.—*Exchange.*

—It is said that a bee can pull more in proportion to its size than a horse. "We don't know as to that," says the editor of the Buena Vista "Democrat," "but they are quite powerful when they back up to you and push."

—In some respects a man resembles a silver coin. He can do more good by being good than by appearing good when he is not good. This thought was engendered by receiving a leaden dime in change.—*Huntsville Mercury.*

—Tramp (at the back door)—"Will you please give me something to eat?"
Woman—"Not a thing."
Tramp—"Nor nuthin' to drink?"
Woman—"Nor nuthin' to drink."
Tramp—"No cast-off clothes?"
Woman—"None."
Tramp—"Well, would you tell a poor, unfortunate man what time it is?"

—Some one wrote Gen. Sherman a letter requesting a lock of his hair and an autograph. In reply the General said: "I regret to state that, as my orderly is bald, and as the man who formerly wrote my autographs has been dismissed, I cannot comply with your request." This was mailed without his signature.

—There was a queer scene at the house of a Quaker family living in a neighboring city the other day. The lady of the house had advertised for a servant girl, and a promising one, lately arrived, applied.

"Whin do ye have your washin' done?" asked the girl.

"We would wish to have thee do it every Second-day," answered the Quakeress.

"Ivery second day? May the saints preserve us! Sure it's not meself that will wash for ye ivery other day in the week!" said the girl, as she took her departure.—*Boston Record.*

—A sign in a Western town reads: "Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked, sold by A. S. Dewey."

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